

Runaway

by White Wolf Fan Fiction

Category: Fossil Fighters

Genre: Angst, Suspense

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Summary: (Part of an Old Project) Raptin is a hired Vivosaur Hunter, one who captures lost Vivosaur and returns them to where they belong. But when he comes across a Vivosaur, hurt and frightened, it may just be the end of his job. (Drabble) (Au)

Runaway

White Wolf Fan Fiction Presents:

~Runaway~

A Fossil Fighters Au

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><p>Title: Runaway

**Words: **319

Warnings: Pre-Yaoi (Boy Love), angst, hinted animal abuse

Pairings: Pre-Raptin/Leo

Disclaimer: I only own Leo and the au idea.

Summary: Raptin is a hired Vivosaur Hunter, one who captures lost Vivosaur and returns them to where they belong. But when he comes across a Vivosaur, hurt and frightened, it may just be the end of his job.

A/N: Part of an old thing on Tumblr called the Drabble Kingdom. Trying to get that back up, admittedly, but it's a slow going process. *sighs* Apologies for any who's actually heard of this blog.

Raptin groaned in annoyance as he slashed away at the annoying vines that blocked his path; he had been walking for hours through that blasted forest, and he had found nothing but overgrown ferns and disgusting bugs.

"Where in the _hell_ am I supposed to find a fucking _Vivosaur_ in this damn _forest_?" Raptin growled to himself, cursing as he ran into a spider web and he slashed angrily at a large fern blocking his way and he froze when he stumbled upon a beautiful clearing that had a small crystal clear pond and beautiful plants lining the edge of the water.

What had made him stop completely though, was the fact that there was a Vivosaur standing on the other side of the pond, eyes wide with curiosity and fright. The Vivosaur was a beautiful black Velociraptor with midnight feathers on it's arms, head, legs, and tail. It had beautiful violet colored eyes and strangely, it had a black collar around it's neck, with a golden cross on it.

Raptin also noted, with anger, that the Vivosaur had several scars, both old and new, across it's body.

The collar, though, was what made him speak. "You're Roger's Vivosaurâ€|" he whispered, but the Vivosaur heard him and just like that, the beautiful black creature took a step back before running away, back through the forest and out of sight.

Raptin clenched his fists tightly and he glared at the pond and at his blurred reflection.

"Looks like I have to have a talk with Rogers, then." he growled harshly before looking back in the direction the Vivosaur went. He had recognized the Vivosaur, even before seeing the collar, from having seen hundreds of pictures of it and of Rogers in his mansion. "Poor little raptorâ€|" Raptin mumbled and he left a small bag for the Vivosaur if it came back, and then he left, going back to the mansion.

End
file.